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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

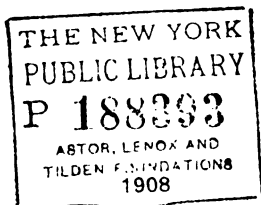
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Our
Rich Inheritance

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By
James Freeman Jenness



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**To those
in every place and of every time who are
minded to make the most of
life with its gifts and
opportunities**

...

“All Things Are Yours”

*All times are thine : the fruitage of past years
Lies mellowed at thy feet for thee to taste ;
The present, with fleet hours, is all in haste
To open wide its fields of golden ears.*

*The future is thine own, the years to be,
On, and still on, till time shall be no more,
Till, free from mortal clay, upon the shore
Of heaven, thou claimest immortality.*

*All earth is thine, from east to farthest west,
Thou layest tribute on each clime and zone ;
And harvest ripen where thou hast not sown,
As fields and ocean give to thee their best.*

*The very winds breathe music, and the birds
Ripple the air with melodies so sweet,
Thou art entranced, and ask them to repeat
The song that is too deep for human words :*

*While countless flowers, in purple, blue, and gold,
On cups and bells their silent anthems ring,
And censers of the rarest perfume swing
Like the robed acolytes or priests of old.*

*All grace is thine, all promises, all power,
Omnipotence itself if there is need ;
Who leans on man leans on a broken reed,
Who leans on God is conqueror every hour.*

*All heaven is thine, up to its highest throne ;
The harp, the alleluias, and the psalm,
The robes all white, the golden crown, the palm —
All, all are thine, since Christ is all thine own.*

HENRY BURTON

Our Rich Inheritance

IMAGINE a child, born in a hovel of poverty, suddenly transported to a home of wealth. So far in his experience, home had been a place of small dimensions, few comforts, and fewer pleasures. A broken table, some rickety chairs, and a tumble-down bed were the only articles of furniture which he had known. A dilapidated doll, an empty spool, and a few articles of household use which had been left within his reach were his only playthings. Now he is placed in a house with a dozen rooms, any one of which is larger than the whole tenement which his mother had called "home." Furnishings more beautiful than any he could have imagined are in the rooms. And one of these rooms, to his mind the best of them all, because of what it contains, is all his own. Everything his childish heart could wish is in that room. There are horses and dogs and carts and cars and wheelbarrows. There are dolls and picture-books and soldiers and jumping-jacks and automobiles. There is a big seat by

Our Rich Inheritance

the window upon which he may climb when he is tired of play, and look out upon the garden. And there, in the snuggest corner of all, is a little bed, white enamelled, with brass trimmings and covers of snowy whiteness, and no one in all the wide, wide world to sleep in it but himself. Then he is told that not only this beautiful room with its many provisions for his comfort and pleasure, but the great house with its rich furnishings, the stately grounds and broad fields and wooded hills which surround it, and almost countless wealth besides, are his to use and enjoy as he will as long as he lives. What conception can be formed by such a child of the value and usefulness of his new possessions? He is dazed and blinded by the grandeur and immensity of it all.

So the soul which is born in the poverty of sin and suddenly transported into the rich inheritance of the children of God is lost in bewilderment, unable to rise to the sublimity of the thought that all things which the omnipotent Creator has made are his to use and enjoy as long as he lives. But, though the great truth grows but gradually upon him, the soul that becomes acquainted with the plans and purposes of the Father for His children will one day know that he is the heir of all the

Our Rich Inheritance

ages, that all things, whether of the past or present or future, are his.

What a well-nigh limitless heritage have we received from the past! Think of what nature in days gone by has stored up for our use to-day. Ages ago there were great, giant trees with branches towering up well toward the sky, and perchance the merest shrub may have grown as high as the famous "big trees" of California. Ferns as high as cedars grew among the trees and on the sides of the hills. The floods came and the winds blew, and those giant ferns and more than giant trees one after another fell to the earth and lay there still where they had fallen. Other floods came and other winds blew. Earth and rocks were washed upon the bodies of the giants, the débris of centuries buried them deeper and deeper below the surface, generation after generation of men who knew not what was beneath their feet passed over the spot. Heat and pressure did their work. And to-day men dig into the bowels of the earth and find the well-nigh priceless fields of coal for use in the generation of heat and light and power.

In those same early days the forms of mammoth beasts and reptiles stalked and glided over

Our Rich Inheritance

the earth and among the trees and ferns. These when their day had passed, laid them down upon the earth and died, and from the decomposition of their bodies, or those of the trees, or perhaps mingling of both, has come the petroleum which we use in so many forms, as gasoline, naphtha, benzine, kerosene, lubricating oil, paraffin, and oils for medicinal purposes. In the oil fields of Ohio and Pennsylvania I have watched the stream of dark-brown petroleum spouting out of the bowels of the earth, or flowing from the pumps and wondered how many centuries had made it their heir by making and storing up for my use this precious liquid, and by confining in those hidden reservoirs the gas for the light and heat which were used in the home of my host.

Then think of the untold treasures represented by the minerals which the past has created and preserved for the man of to-day who will uncover their hiding-place. Some of these products of the chemical laboratory of nature can be imitated by us. Men have made diamonds of paste and what not, which could be distinguished from the real only by an expert, though for the most part the efforts of men at the making of precious stones in competition with nature, have proven to be

Our Rich Inheritance

failures. But nature, through the ages, has been doing what men could not do. With a skill which men have not yet learned, she has mingled the elements, combined the forces, and directed the results, with a precision which has been the despair of the alchemist and the chemist. With lavish hand she has been filling the pockets of earth with priceless treasure, some of which she was centuries in making. So it may be that in the heart of yonder mountains, or beneath your feet in this very valley, there is a buried wealth which is yours for the digging.

The more recent past has likewise added to our natural heritage. The surface of the earth as it exists to-day, so well suited to the needs of man and beasts, — the mountains, rivers, lakes, oceans, trees, grasses, shrubs, — all these things which we enjoy, were prepared for us by the past.

For the material equipment with which we do the work of life we are no less dependent upon the past. On the broad wheat-fields of the West we see a strange procession. First, a long line of horses, two abreast, until their number reaches thirty-six. These, under the control of a single driver, are drawing what seems to be a mammoth cart which is fearfully and wonderfully made.

Our Rich Inheritance

Upon this vehicle, in addition to the driver, are stationed seven or eight men who are busy with its management. But this is no holiday affair constructed for a Fourth of July procession. It is a combined harvester and thresher, which, as it is drawn through the field of wheat, heads, threshes, separates, and sacks the grain, leaving nothing for the farmer to do but to gather the sacks of wheat and take them to market or mill. From sixty to a hundred and twenty-five acres per day is the working capacity of this giant machine and from seventeen hundred to three thousand bushels of the precious grain it leaves in the sacks ready to be hauled away.

Wonderful invention of the last quarter of the nineteenth century! Surely never was such a scene as this witnessed by the men of any other period of the world's history! A marvellous brain must have conceived the thought, and a skilful hand wrought into wood and metal the ideal of the inventor. What brain, and what hand, and what inventor? His name is legion. The combined harvester and thresher of California is not an unrelated product of the present day. It is the child of the harvester, the self-binder, the simple reaper, and the mowing machine of the nineteenth

Our Rich Inheritance

century. It is the offspring, many generations removed, of the reaping machine described by Pliny as being in use in the fields of Gaul, which, in turn, traces its lineage back to the dim ages of antiquity. These all are cousins to the cradle, the scythe, and the sickle; and the common parent of them all is the rude implement of stone used for reaping in the valley of the Nile centuries before Jacob and his sons went down to sojourn in Egypt and make their home in the land of Goshen. In the evolution of this agricultural wonder of the world men by scores and by hundreds have had a part; and had it not been for the sweat of their brain and the toil of their hands, the farmer of to-day would be reaping his grain with an implement of stone, or of wood, or pulling it with his hand.

And so it has been with the steamer, the railroad train, the machinery in the great factories, the telegraph, the telephone, and with every tool and utensil which we employ in doing the work of life. We live too late for any hope of making an invention which is entirely new. The best that we can do is to take the heritage which has come to us from the fathers, to use it freely, and to improve upon it if we can.

Our Rich Inheritance

Again, we must not overlook our great mental heritage from the past. In years and centuries that have gone, men have lived and labored as left us the record of what they have done as what they have thought. We sometimes feel that our age has made great strides in the realms of science and philosophy and religion. But what could our generation do were it not for the record of the thoughts and doings of the giants of the past? What would we know of earth and sea and sky were it not for the maps and charts which represent the discoveries and investigations of men whose lips can no longer tell what their eyes have seen? Truly other men have labored as we have entered into their labors.

We may gather a mighty wealth as we go mining among the literatures of the world. Fortunately, not all that men have written has been preserved for our reading. No one who notes the great output of the printing presses of the day could be guilty of the wish that all of it might live. There are some who read so much that it is not worth the while that they have come to believe that there are no great books written to-day. Every generation has its message for the centuries yet to be, and we need not fear that all the work

Our Rich Inheritance

of our century is doomed to oblivion. Much that has been written in the past was not worthy of preservation. But the best of all the ages, whether it has come by word of mouth, or by the writing of the hand, or upon the printed page, is ours to read if we will, in these early days of the twentieth century.

The literature of any people is so closely interwoven with their life that he who reads may get a marvellously accurate picture of the life of men who centuries since passed off the stage of action. Who that has read with an understanding heart the works of Homer and Virgil and Dante and Shakespeare does not know how men thought and loved and wrought and lived in those far away days, which, but for the literature of the world, would be to us a realm of mystery and darkness?

Another splendid heritage is found in the philosophies of the world. In the days of yore there were men of keener insight into life and wider range of vision than their fellows, who have left for us a rich legacy of thought. It has ever been the aim of philosophy to get hold of the great fundamentals of all life, to search out the cause of all being, to discover the hidden principles which underlie all the phenomena of nature, to know

Our Rich Inheritance

man in the essential character of his being and his relation to his environment, his fellow-men and his God. This is the task which some of the greatest minds of the ages have set for themselves. Nor has it been in vain that men like Plato and Aristotle and Socrates have peered into the mysteries of life and told to the world what they have seen. Revelation is not the only way by which God has let men know His truth. To some He has given the scent for discovery, the keenness of vision, the endowment of intellect, the gift of analysis and synthesis, and the power of expression necessary to read the thoughts of God in the universe and convey them to their fellows.

We may sneer at the philosophies of the past and put upon them the stigma of "gentile" or "heathen"; but they are the expression of the upreaching of the mind of man in his endeavor to find out God and to know those great, changeless principles which He has put into the very constitution of every work of His hand. Some of the thoughts of these men are so inspiring, so uplifting that they fall but little short of a knowledge of the true God and the certainties of the life eternal.

So, in the realm of the physical and the inte

Our Rich Inheritance

lectual, we are the heirs of all ages. As Emerson has put it,

"I am the owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain."

But there is a heritage far more glorious than any of these. It is our spiritual heritage from the past. The child of poverty is so delighted with the playthings and so dazzled by the beauties of his new surroundings that he misses for a time that which is of the highest value of all the things within his reach. In like manner the older children of men are sometimes so taken with the playthings of earth, so fascinated by the allurements and pleasures of the world, that they do not lay hold of a single possession that has a permanent worth. The dolls and dogs and wheelbarrows are good for the child to play with, but there are other things which will keep him alive and make him grow; and when he is grown, there is wealth to send him out into the great, wide world and buy for him the best that the earth affords.

Similarly, the things which belong to our earthly heritage in the realm of the physical and the intellectual are but the playthings of life. They are

Our Rich Inheritance

good for us to have. They make for our pleasure, our enjoyment, and our comfort. They make us better men and women of us, and mightily increase our power to bring things to pass as we go through life. But we are not always to remain children among the playthings of the nurse. There are the other rooms of the house in which the great work of life is to be done, and there is the great world beyond to which our destiny is calling. All around us are the things which will sustain our lives and make us grow; and right at our hand is the wealth which will send us out into the great world of light and life, and procure for us all the things of intrinsic and enduring value which it contains.

Great is our heritage from the past in this spiritual. "All things are yours," says the apostle, "whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas." These are some of the many of the world's great ones who have made their contributions to this spiritual wealth which is ours. These were ordinary men. Their life was not all spent with the playthings of the earth. They realized that life is earnest, that life is real, and that he would measure up to the demands of privilege and duty must not only live, himself, a life

Our Rich Inheritance

aspiration and achievement, but must make a larger and purer and nobler life possible for those who are yet to come. Let these names stand for the men who have written the books of the Bible. We may speak of them as the authors of the Hebrew literature, and a marvellous literature they have produced. But they are not to be classed with the men who have written the other literatures of the world. They were men of large spiritual insight and they have lifted the veil which hangs at the outer borders of this world of sense, and afforded us a glimpse of the realities which lie beyond. These were not the Platos and Aristotles of the world; but they have done for us what a Plato and an Aristotle could not do. The great philosophers were deep students of this present life, but they could only touch the borders of the life which lies beyond. Call the Gospel plan of salvation a philosophy, if you please; but if it is only a philosophy, then the old Hebrew shepherds and the fishermen and peasants of Galilee have made a better philosophy, a better solution of the mystery of life than have all the sages of the earth. We know this to be true because it has touched the hearts and changed the lives of men in all the ranks and conditions of

Our Rich Inheritance

life as no other philosophy has ever done. A down through the centuries there have been men who have read the words which these have written, and tested their truth by experience. The testimony of those whose lives have been brightened and enriched by the writings of this Box of Books is enough to convince any candid man or woman that here we have a priceless heritage of things spiritual.

But that is not all. Nearer yet to our lives are some who have bequeathed the things which we prize theirs in the highest realm of human endeavor and attainment. A shining throng of fathers and mothers have not been content with the mere accumulation of a little property; they have not cared for the laying up of treasure upon earth but instead they have laid up their treasure in heaven "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." Rich is the heritage they have bequeathed. I would rather be the heir of such a father than inherit all the wealth of the richest multi-millionaire in the world. It is both a privilege and responsibility to be an heir of the ages!

But still that is not all. The present is ours also, the present, made what it is by the thought

Our Rich Inheritance

and labor and love of all the years that are gone. Some of us are in the habit of living chiefly in the present, with little thought of the past and less of the future. To us there is a sort of intangibility about this thought of our inheritance from the past. We want something which belongs to this eternal *now* in which we are living. There is a great deal of satisfaction in being able to put our hand upon something and say, "This is mine." Never has there been a time in the world's history when there was such ample provision for the satisfaction of the longing of the heart of man for present possession. Never has there been a time when the possibility in the way of the possession of material things was so large for the average man as in these opening years of the twentieth century. The opportunities for self-help and self-culture, for the broadest education and the most perfect equipment for life which present themselves to the men of to-day, are without a parallel in human experience. Few indeed are the boys and girls of our land who cannot secure all the advantages of a college education if they will. That means the opportunity of putting our mark upon the age in which we live, of making an impression upon the world of to-day, of exerting a

Our Rich Inheritance

transforming influence upon the lives of men as we touch them in the daily round of living. Never has there been a time when the reach of a man was so long as it is to-day. The railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph, the telephone, and the newspaper have so far made the world a neighborhood that what a man does, or says, or thinks to-day is known to-morrow in the continents across the seas, — and deeds and words and thoughts are the things which transform the world.

A glorious heritage is this which the apostle calls "things present"! The farther we get from his time, and the older the world becomes, the larger are the opportunities of the passing day, and the richer grows our inheritance of "things present." I would not choose to cast my lot in any age which has passed away, not even in those days of mighty achievement when men were blazing the path of civilization through the forests of a new world, or pioneering the way for the establishment of righteousness and truth and mercy and love in the heart of the race. There are better things to have and greater things to do in these early years of the twentieth century than at any period since the Almighty turned chaos into cosmos and said, "Let us make man in our image."

Our Rich Inheritance

I would live to-day and use the inheritance which is mine. Material possessions are perishable. Opportunities pass as quickly as they come. How much of the present is actually mine depends upon myself, upon my powers of appropriation and employment of that which comes to my hand. In the light of this truth I am minded to heed the injunction of the Roman Horace, who said to the men of his generation, "Carpe diem," — seize the day. Let not the "things present" slip from your grasp because you are lost in contemplation of the past or in idle dreaming of the "things to come."

There are times, perhaps, when we feel that in spite of the rich inheritance which belongs to the race, the things which are ours are distressingly few in number and poor in value. But there is a way of looking at life which will help us to find the enjoyment which grows out of the best element there is in this desire for possession which is so strong in most of us.

In the state of New Hampshire I own a farm. It consists of about a hundred and sixty acres of field and pasture and woodland. For the fields the hand of man has done much, for the pastures something; but for the woodland nothing, save

Our Rich Inheritance

where the destructive axe has been laid at the root of a birch or maple or pine. In the fiercest heat of summer there are cool, mossy banks in the heart of the woods upon which the sun rarely shines. In the sharpest cold of winter, when the storm clouds have passed, there are sun-kissed spots to which the biting winds from the north can never come. In the woods are the hiding-places of the rabbits and the nests of the birds. There are nooks and corners and paths which nature has made. It is the best place I know in all the world for a ramble in the woods.

On that farm stands the house where I was born. In that same old house my father and his father before him first saw the light. But better yet, for I do not remember living in the old house, on the brow of the little hill that slopes down toward the railroad stands the house in which my childhood days were passed. Around that spot cluster some of the sweetest memories of my life. There lived father, mother, brother, and sisters, until the home circle was broken by the scattering of the younger members of the household to make homes for themselves, or to perfect their preparation for doing the work of life; and there still some of the dear ones are at home. A few years

Our Rich Inheritance

ago we took a number of photographs of some of the most familiar scenes, the old house, the newer house on the hill, the path to the schoolhouse, the road to the meadow, the mill where we took the corn for the grist, and a score of other scenes closely associated with childhood days. But all these scenes, and a thousand more, are so thoroughly impressed upon the sensitive plate of my memory that they can never be effaced. Sometimes, on the wearying days, when the work of life is heavy and when the perplexities multiply, I close my eyes and look at that farm. I stand on the hill and feast my eyes upon the landscape. I inhale the perfume of the flowers.

There came to me one day in far away Argentina, a pressed pansy blossom which had grown in my mother's garden. It had gone across the ocean to England, then to Germany, and at last had reached me in the Argentine Republic, two months at least from the parent stalk. As I held it in my hand there was no fragrance there, but when I closed my eyes and travelled on the wings of thought across the leagues of land and sea, I seemed to stand where the pansy grew; and there was wafted to me the fragrance of a hundred flowers. My mother was at the window looking

Our Rich Inheritance

out on the garden. I heard the hum of the bee the cackle of the chickens, the distant tinkle of the bell in the pasture. The trees with the branches waved me a welcome. I went across the road to the old well, took a drink of the clear, cold water, then for a long ramble in the woods, and said to myself, "How glad I am that this old farm is mine!" I have no deed to that farm. I do not expect that the records of that county will ever declare that an inch of it belongs to me. But it is mine, mine to enjoy, mine to hold in sacred memory as long as I live.

Among the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains in California, I own a beautiful country home. It is not like the little house where I was born, with its blackened clapboards and broken windows and sagging timbers, all reminders of the decay of age. It is a large and stately house built in the best style of its time. Upon the side towards the valley there is a broad veranda from which there is an extensive view of the fairest garden spot on earth. When they took me to the veranda a few days after my first arrival in California, I was speechless with wonder and delight. The orchards and homes of the Santa Clara valley lay before me. I had never seen anything th

Our Rich Inheritance

was worthy to be compared with this panorama of beauty and value. Nor have I since looked upon its equal in thousands of miles of travel in this and other lands. I have no title claim to that home. There are no papers which say it is mine. I have been to visit it only once. Only once have I stood on that veranda and looked out over the valley. But that veranda and the house and all the valley are mine, mine to enjoy, mine to hold in memory's chains, mine to call up before the vision of the soul whenever I will.

I own a world ! It is a beautiful world. So far as my experience goes, it is the best world that ever was made. A few years ago the records of Santa Clara County showed that a little plot of ground, fifty by a hundred and fifty feet, in the town site of Palo Alto belonged to me. To-day it is not so. The name of another stands in the place of mine. If that town lot were mine to-day and that were all that I owned, I would be poor indeed. But it is not all. That which I have touched, that which I have seen, that which I have understood, is actually mine, the rest potentially. Among the things which are actually mine are town lots, villa sites, farms, houses, villages, cities, rivers, lakes, oceans, and continents. I

Our Rich Inheritance

might never find a court to sustain my claim, but all these are mine to use, mine to enjoy, mine to weave into the very fibre of my being as I live and labor and grow. What care I for the title-deeds which men have made? The Book of Books declares to me "The world is yours," and why? Because "my Father is rich in houses and lands; He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands," and because my Father who made the world has sent me the message by the hand of His servant, "The world is yours."

But even this is not all. The "things to come are mine." It would seem to be enough that all the past and all the present is ours, but even here the limits of our rich inheritance are not reached. There are better "things to come" than any we yet have known. The future lies before us, a vast domain to be possessed.

On a certain November morning, some years ago, a New Hampshire farm horse was slowly drawing a wagon along a country road. So heavily was it loaded that the springs were well-nigh flattened against the axle. One of the seats had been removed to make room for a trunk and several boxes. These had been carefully packed with provisions, some of which were cooked. The

Our Rich Inheritance

driver was a man on whom fifty years of hard work had made their mark. His hands were hardened with toil, and his shoulders were stooped from carrying heavy loads, but his eye was undimmed and his strength was undiminished. On his right hand sat a youth of eighteen, and on his left a boy of fifteen. These were his sons, who, under the inspiration of their teacher in the country school, himself a recent university graduate, had made up their minds to go through college if such a thing were possible. The father and mother had consented and great plans had been made for the future. Now they were on their way to a neighboring village, where their friend and teacher had been engaged to conduct a winter term of high school. Father and sons were alike busy with their thoughts. As the hour of the first long separation drew near, something of the meaning of it all dawned upon them. The horse plodded slowly along over the stretches of sandy road, and up and down the hills until they reached the top of a certain hill, from which was a view of the village. Then the farmer drew the reins and the tired horse came to a stop. For a time not a word was uttered by any member of the party. At last the man inhaled a long breath and ex-

Our Rich Inheritance

claimed: "Well, boys, there's your new work to conquer!"

He was right. There was indeed a new world to conquer. There were studies to master, battles to fight, prejudices of jealous village youths against the foreigners from ten miles in the country to overcome, friendships to form, the confidence of the community to win, and one's own way to make henceforth.

Trivial things these may seem as we look up at them from the vantage ground of the years; the problems we try to solve and the struggles in which we enter during the years of our preparation for life are just as real as the fiercer struggle of existence, the race for gold, or the battles for right and for God which we fight in later years.

Those boys did not know what was before them when they halted at the top of the hill; yet they felt the drawing power of the "things to come" in that domain which waited to be possessed. We are standing to-day upon one of the hills of life. Before us lie the days of the year upon which we have entered, and beyond them the days and months of the years that are yet to be. This is our world to conquer. Here is our inheritance to be appropriated as the days come and

Our Rich Inheritance

Among the things which are ours are new volumes of truth to be read, the gold of opportunity to be mined, the diamonds of friendship to be gathered, the battles to be fought, and the victories to be won.

What glorious victories there are to be won by the knights of the twentieth century ! The knights of the crusades were content to endure hardships, encounter dangers, and spill their blood in order that Christendom might wrest from the hand of Infidelity the tomb of a dead Christ. But we wrestle not to-day for the possession of a grave in a rich man's garden, made sacred as the resting-place for the Son of God. The Christian knight of the twentieth century, as he goes forth to battle, thinks not of a Christ who is dead, or of the place where his body lay. His part it is to march out under the banner of a Christ who is alive, and to join in the mighty conflict, come life or come death, against the powers which would wrest the crown from the brow of King Immanuel and hurl him from his throne.

What a privilege to fight under such a captain, — one who has never known defeat ! There came a day when his enemies thought their triumph over him was complete. They had formed against him

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a triple alliance. Pharisee and Sadducee sheathed for the time the sword of theological controversy and forced the unwilling representative of the church authority to join in their unholy conspiracy against the Son of God. As cowards lie in ambush and strike from behind the object of their hatred, these men sent their hirelings at dead of night to accomplish the arrest of him whom they no longer dared to face under the white light of the sun. And so they led him away captive. They subjected him to the mockery of a trial. They jeered at him and scourged him and spit upon him. They nailed him to the cross and saw him die.

But short-lived was their exultation. He broke asunder the bands which bound him. He came forth in triumph from the grave. Even death, the last great enemy of man, with all his might could not long hold him in his power. The marvellous victory recorded in the annals of man was the triumph of the Son of Man over death and the power of the grave. And in this we see the promise, unmistakable, full of hope and bright with assurance, that neither he nor the forces which fight under his command shall ever meet with ultimate defeat. The greatest enemy has been beaten and overthrown. Where, then, is he who can sta

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before the face of the conqueror of death and those whom he would have as sharers in his victory? There is no power in earth or hell which can prevail over the forces which stand for righteousness and truth and mercy and love, if they are united and determined and consecrated and loyal to their leader. See how the darkness of centuries is lifting from heathen lands! See how men are abandoning their practices which for generations have brought shame and misery and death! See the nations of the Orient putting on new life and new power, when men who have caught the spirit of the Christ, in obedience to his great commission, have gone to tell his story and to live his life among their fellows! See the powers of sin and darkness centred around the saloon and its kindred institutions of infamy in our own land, after a bold attempt to present an unbroken front, begin to waver and to retreat in disorder and dismay! These are but the beginnings of a victory which the forces of God may bring to a glorious consummation within the first quarter of the present century, if they will.

The "things to come" in all the years of time are mine. If the little circle of years which I am to spend as a tenant in this house of clay were all

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of my domain, then I should be poor indeed. But it is not so. The future is mine. The years which shall come into being and take their place upon the calendar of time when I as a man of earth shall have ceased to be, are mine, — mine to influence, mine to mould, mine to stamp for ever with the impress of my life.

When the Christ was about to leave the scene of his earthly ministry, he spoke to his friends those words which have been the comfort and inspiration and joy of Christian men and women throughout the centuries: "Lo, I am with you always (all the days) even unto the end of the world." Soon he went away and never more was his bodily presence seen and felt in the world. But through all the days until now the life of Jesus has been projecting itself upon the life of the world, and through all the days to come the life of men will be what it could not be were it not for him.

So it may be, according to its efficiency, with the life which I live to-day, and which I shall live to-morrow. The reach of my hand may be short and the days of my years may be few in number but I can project myself farther than I can reach with my hand. By the life I now live I can have

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a part in bringing about the triumph of the right in the centuries that are yet to be.

Herein lies the comfort which is ours, when men forget our words and when we realize that in a few short years our names and the deeds which we have accomplished will have passed from the memory of men forever. It is not important that words should live, or that the deeds of our lives should be recorded in some book that will not perish. But words and deeds are the things which make impressions; impressions have much to do in the formation of character; and character is that which lives and transforms the world. So it becomes true that what I am to-day, the same, within the limitations of the measure of my power of life, will the world be to-morrow and through all the days of time. What a heritage is mine of "things to come" within the limits of time!

But even this is not all. There are better "things to come" than any of which we yet have spoken. This old world of ours is good. It is the best we have ever known. But there is a better one which we shall see by and by if we make the wisest use of the things which now are ours. This world and the fashion of it will one day pass away; and the man who has staked his all upon the things which

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belong to it alone will find that he has missed the best of his inheritance. The things of the present world which are most worth while are not the things which belong to its changing order, but those which have a vital relation to the world that is to come. That is why the Christ exhorted me to lay not up for themselves treasures upon earth but in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." That is the safe repository for our treasures. We need have no fear of loss there. That which we have laid up in heaven shall be ours forever, for it has become a part of the eternal city whose fashion shall never pass away. There is "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

I have often wished that some one whose eye had looked upon that part of my inheritance which lies in yonder city had the power to describe it in language which I could understand. There was one who tried it. He had loved much the Christ during the years of his earthly ministry and been greatly loved by him. In the days of loneliness, while in exile on Patmos, he had pondered much upon what he had learned of the life to come; and one day there came to him a vision of splendor

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and glory, such as no mortal eye had seen before. When he had recovered somewhat from the blindness of its dazzling beauty, he tried to describe it so that all the world might understand. But there was no language known to men which could convey to them an adequate conception of the vision of glory which he had seen. John did the best he could with the faulty language at his command. But he could only dimly paint a picture of what he had seen by making the names of material things stand for the heavenly realities which had been revealed to him in the vision. So when he saw the gates of the city, resplendent with a radiance indescribable under the great light which they reflected from the throne of God, he said that the twelve gates were of pearl and every several gate of one pearl. And when he wanted to describe the rich beauty of the street of the city, he said that it was "of pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

But who is able to understand John's description of heaven? Who can begin to comprehend the grandeur and the worth of the inheritance which is ours? And yet how glad we are that men in all the ages have believed in heaven! How glad we are that the hope of immortality has

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ever "nestled in the heart of the race"! And how glad we are that Jesus did not destroy the faith of men in the hereafter, or put out the lamp of hope which was burning in their hearts!

Jesus had but little to say of heaven. He had difficulty enough as it was with the density of human ignorance and the inadequacy of human language. If he told them of earthly things and they could not understand, how could he expect them to comprehend his message concerning heaven? But he did encourage men to believe in heaven. Nay, he gave them assurance most positive that heaven awaits those who are ready to possess it. He never attempted in detail a description of heaven; but before he went away from earth he said to the men who had known him best and who had understood most fully what he had told them of the better world: "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you." I would not have let you go on fondly cherishing a delusion. If there were no Father's house and no mansions in it for you I would have told you. The very silence of Jesus brings us assurance of the reality of the world to come! Then we have the promise which goes with the comforting assertion: "I go to prepare

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place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Ever since that day the men of earth have often turned their eyes with wistful longing toward that other world and the "things to come." Like the woman of the fifties who had never been out of her native county, whose husband had crossed the plains to make a fortune, and perhaps a home in the land of sunshine and gold, it is but little that we know of the place which is being prepared for us. But some glad day the message will reach us, "The mansion is ready. Come." We shall not have to make the journey alone. One who loves us better than we can ever love ourselves will go with us all the way. And when we have passed beyond the atmosphere of earth, and breathe for the first time the air of heaven, what visions of rapture and glory will burst upon our sight! What dazzling beauty! What splendor of riches! What companionships! What joys unending! All this is yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Have you sometimes felt discouraged? Has the poverty of this life and the daily struggle to secure its creature comforts made you sometimes feel

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that it is not worth the while to live? Then time to think of your rich inheritance. "For things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollo, Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or the present, or things to come; all are yours."

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

